

THE INTELLIGENCER

ESTABLISHED 1866.

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The Intelligencer will publish brief and rational letters on subjects of general interest when they are accompanied by the names and addresses of the authors and are not of a defamatory nature. Anonymous communications will not be noticed. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

In order to avoid delays on account of personal absence, letters to The Intelligencer intended for publication should not be addressed to any individual connected with the paper, but simply to The Intelligencer.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1915.

Poor little Serbia is the under dog of war.

Lost—somewhere south of the Alps one Italian army.

Anderson county has been raising cane this year. The output of 'lasses is a record breaker.

Japan cannot furnish Russia with all the shells she wants. Once upon a time the supply was vastly in excess of the demands.

If the invasion doesn't soon stop, the reichstag may yet be compelled to pass a law against the immigration of Russian prisoners.

The State Fair will be the best ever this year, they say, but the political states manufactured there will not be used for public bulletin boards.

Anxious young ladies should be in their seats promptly on time this morning when the minister gives out the hymns. They might get one.

The Colonel is missing a mighty good chance to redeem himself. While the war is raging in the East, he should renew his campaign for simplified spelling.

Columbia has been painfully silent here lately in regard to the state of city government in Charleston. Please apply to the man in the glass house for the reason why.

This definition of alibi from an old lawyer beats the law books all hollow: "An alibi is swearin' you wuz at de prayer meetin' where you wuzn't in order to prove you wuzn't at de crap game where you wuz."

We've had enough of the Mexican bluff.

But we need a little stanza To end in a puff this silly stuff— So here's to old Carranza!

On second thought, we freely admit that this is Villanous, but we implore you, gentle reader, to suspend judgment and to treat the verselet as you would a little lady. If you can't Zapata fondly on the back, please don't raise a rough house and Huerta too much.

NO ESCAPE

The editor sat in his uneasy chair and tried hard to reconcile the conflicting war stories screeching from the pages of fifty-seven varieties of daily newspapers, all of a deep yellow tint. As near as he could figure it out, 9,976,323 men had been killed and wounded in the last great battle, and the horror of it was tearing his tingling nerves to tatters.

In his deep distress the poor man drank deeply of a sleep-producing cup, sweetly thinking that the vision of war could not follow him into the peaceful realm of dreams. How weary he was, and how earnestly he wanted to escape for a few minutes if no more!

But before he had been sawing wood for sixty seconds, a grim specter, with flowing white beard and piercing eyes, stepped out of nowhere and stood before him.

"I am the alchemist," explained the specter in a hollow voice, "who, for sixty centuries, has been engaged in analyzing the human emotions that underlie the battles of the world. Would you like to know what war really is?"

The editor's lips quivered in an effort to protest.

"I am busy with my analysis of the present war" the terrible old man continued with a sad shake of his head. "It's a pity I didn't meet you fifteen months ago, for then you could have gone away in a more charitable frame of mind. The result to date is several degrees worse than it was at the close of the last bloody struggle. Now, listen!"

The strange man pulled a lever, and a huge tome, old and rusty and brown, slowly opened before him. He adjusted his glasses and read from the great book in a voice that thrilled the editor and horrified him by turns with its savage tone of intensity—that startled him beyond power of speech by its cold mathematical precision.

"Suffering and sacrifice of innocent women and children; wanton slaughter of men whose lives ought to have been devoted to the useful pursuits of peace; ruthless destruction of property; ambition, or love of fame and power; greed for gold, sometimes dignified under the term conquest; poverty; disease; pestilence; famine; ignorance; vice; false pride, or supposed wounded national honor; race prejudice; military glory; oppression of the poor; an endless burden of taxes—"

He stopped and closed the book abruptly. "Enough! That, sir, is what war is made of, if my analysis of the record from the fall of Adam to this year of disgrace is correct."

Hastily the editor footed up the totals. "There must be some mistake," he suggested timidly. "The total per centages run up to only 99.99."

"The other elements are negligible quantities," the specter explained. "They are hardly worth considering." "What for example, I pray you?"

"Well, among them is love of humanity," he sighed, as he swung the huge volume back into place. Just then some one seized the editor and shook him till his bones rattled.

"Wake up! Wake up!" voices around him shrilled excitedly. "Another battle's comin' in—a sure enough whooper this time!"

Then the editor knew that, awake or asleep, there could be no escape. Always it was war—war! And he resigned his job just in time to save himself from a padded cell.

Moral: Quit thinking about the war. You've got troubles enough at home without having to borrow any from Europe.

WHERE DOES CRIME BEGIN?

A criminal is a person who is responsible for crime, not necessarily one who has been convicted in court and has suffered the prescribed penalty of a broken law. Crime, though terribly realistic it may be in its outward manifestations of violence and moral turpitude, is yet a subtle and elusive thing when reduced to the analysis of cause and effect. Where does crime begin? Is its origin always in the victim?

The proportion of the human race that is inherently bad is infinitesimal. It is the aggregate of the small sins of society that causes more men and women to go wrong than fail as a result of its glaring and forbidding lapses from the moral law. At some point or other in one's moral armament—at a time when the tide of resistance is at low ebb—one or more of these little foxes of character may inflict a deadly bite and set up an infection that poisons the whole system. There is a multitude of things, big and little, extending in ever varying ramifications into all phases of life—condemned by society's standards as not particularly harmful in themselves—that surely undermine

character and start the victim on the highway of low living and eventual crime.

What, then, is a criminal? Is he not a person who stands as the proximate cause of crime, who sets in motion a train of circumstances that lead inevitably to a logical result? The man in stripes may be the least guilty of all. He must bear his just share of the dishonor, but often he is merely the dastardly agent of execution and not the principal who originated the act.

A man, normally decent and a respecter of the law, may be turned into a raving maniac by a drink of mean whiskey or by cocaine. A lurking weakness, easily controlled when mind and body are in their natural state, may be transformed into a frenzied and destructive passion. Enlarged by his awful crime, an unreasoning and desperate public may take the law into their own hands and bring to shame the majesty and supremacy of the courts of justice. A thousand men by this one act may become murderers, almost without exception unmolested and unstained in the eyes of their friends and sympathizers. Who, think you, is the greatest criminal of them all? What about the man who sold the whiskey or cocaine in violation of law and thus committed the first act in the chain of lawless events? It takes no chemist of human motives and emotions and responsibilities to determine the quantum of guilt each unit in the tragedy has to bear.

Some day an awakened public conscience will solve the problem justly. It is a big, throbbing, vital question, and in its application to human society and its unavoidable responsibilities it is as puzzling to the mind of the just and lightseeking citizen as the one propounded by Pilate nearly two thousand years ago.

FIRES THAT NEVER GO OUT

History records many strange examples of fires that are kept burning for long periods of time. The best known instances are those of pagan people who keep up perpetual fires as a religious rite. The "five of vengeance," a custom of the vendetta in Sicily, is of a wholly different kind. In the Arctic regions fires are kept burning sometimes for years upon the single ground of utility.

The oldest known fire in the world is that in a Buddhist temple near Bangkok, Siam, which has been burning without interruption for two centuries. It is a religious rite. A priest is always on guard to watch the sacred flame. Every four years a new flame is kindled, but this is always lighted in the great brazier from a brand of the old fire.

The life of a Grand Vizier in Persia was once saved by a Parsee trader, who discovered and exposed a plot to kill the royal official. In spite of the fact that the Persians are Mohammedans and hold in contempt the fire-worshippers, a single flame has been kept burning continuously for seventy years in honor of the humble trader.

In inhabited lands within the Arctic circle fires have been known to burn for years. This, however, is not so much a custom as it is a simple practice based on reasons of convenience because of the scarcity of wood or kindling to produce ignition. Oil is the main fuel of the people of the snows.

In Sicily it has long been the custom of the vendetta to maintain the "fire of vengeance" until one's enemy has been slain. The criminal records of that fiery island are full of instances of fires that were kept up for years until death overtook the unfortunate victim whose life had been marked for destruction.

A NEW FUEL SUPPLY

Scientists are not altogether in accord as to the extent and duration of the coal fields of the United States, and often a solemn warning is raised that some day this vital fuel resource of our country may be exhausted. There is, however, a promising substitute for coal that has been generally overlooked by the public. This is peat.

Peat is a low-grade fuel, of more recent and imperfect vegetable origin than coal, and in its natural state contains but ten per cent of solid matter and ninety per cent of water. A practical difficulty in its ready utilization is encountered for this reason, but scientific methods of preparing it for market by compression of the crude peat into dried bricks for transportation and storage is overcoming this objection to its commercial exploitation. As coal increases in price, peat will doubtless come into the prominence it deserves as a fuel supply in this country.

In Europe peat has been in use for ages. Indeed, many of the old Latin

writers during the period of Caesar's invasions in northern Europe speak of the wonderful practice of the people in the low countries of cutting the soggy blocks, drying them in the sun and open air and then using them for fuel. For centuries, since the indeterminate time when the forests disappeared, it has been the mainstay of the population of Ireland; who use it almost exclusively for fires. This resource of the Emerald Isle is worth to the inhabitants more than \$30,000,000 a year, an item that might well drain the struggling island beyond the limit of endurance if it had to buy its coal supply from the continent.

In Germany, Russia, Holland, and parts of France and Austria, peat has been used for ages by the peasantry. Large scattered areas of peat are found in the United States, especially in the northern tier of states in the latitude of New York. There are also rich beds along the low Atlantic coast states, in Florida, Texas, and along the Pacific coastal region. Experts have estimated that the peat beds of the United States cover in all about 11,000 square miles, with an aggregate supply of thirteen billion tons. When properly prepared for market it ought to bring around three dollars a ton, or a total of nearly forty billion dollars!

Like coal, peat produces a number of valuable by-products. From it are obtained ammonia, tanning materials, brown dyes, etc., and experiments are under way looking to its use as a source of alcohol and fertilizers. Taken all in all, it is a most valuable, though neglected, resource of the natural wealth of the United States and is bound to play an important part in the country's future progress and development.

SOME INTERESTING FIGURES

Brig. Gen. Francis Vinton Greene, U. S. A. retired, gave some interesting figures regarding the European war in an address delivered a few nights ago in New York. General Greene is an honor graduate of West Point of the class of 1870, and the author of many standard works on military history. He gave his hearers the benefit of what he called an "intelligent guess" as to the casualties of the war and submitted a table showing the increase of the national indebtedness of the European belligerents. The increase over 1914 approximately is \$20,000,000,000. How much of this is war debt, of course, is problematical. The combined wealth of the Allies is estimated at \$204,000,000,000, while that of the Teutonic Allies, with Turkey included, is estimated at \$108,000,000,000.

General Greene also discussed the changes in the art of warfare that have made the great struggle not only the most frightful but also the most interesting from a military point of view, of any war in history. Incidentally the speaker indicated what in his own opinion is required to make adequate the national defense of the United States.

In the present decade he said there had occurred more important changes in the art of warfare than in the previous fifty years, and in those fifty years more than in the five preceding centuries; in other words, since the first use of gunpowder in warfare.

What these changes in the art of warfare mean is learned by a study of the tables of casualties, financial expenditures, etc., compiled by General Greene. One of these gives the population, based on official figures, of the various countries concerned in the war. These figures are taken from official reports. Summarized, they show that on the side of the Allies there are in Europe 266,500,000 people as compared with 122,200,000 population of the Teutonic nations and their ally, Turkey. The colonies of the Allies have a population of 473,500,000 people as compared with 52,800,000 in the colonies that now are still belong to Germany, Austria, and Turkey. The total population upon which the Allies can draw is 739,000,000 as compared with 165,000,000 who owe allegiance to Emperor William, Franz Josef, or the Sultan.



Weather Forecast—Fair continued cool Sunday; Monday slightly warmer and fair except unsettled on coast.

Anderson must be a jewelry town. Each week that passes about 15 or 20 jewelry drummers call on the trade in this city and if there was not something doing, they would quit coming. Yesterday saw the following here: D. L. Franklin, Detroit, Mich.; J. E. Pickep, L. Patterson, S. R. Hunter,



There's no such thing as an unsatisfied B-O-E customer, if we can help it.

There may be some dissatisfied; but in the end we try to see that they are not unsatisfied; and there's hardly any end to the lengths we will go to be sure of your satisfaction.

Many men think they're hard to fit, stout men, very tall, slender men, short, "stocky" figures; and until they come here they have an idea that it can't be done in ready clothes.

If you're one of them, we'll surprise you with our readiness and ability to fit you well; and we'll give you smart style besides. And you'll pay \$10, \$15, \$18, \$20, \$25.

HATS FOR SMART DRESSERS

Hats with a smartness that easily places them in a supreme position in hatdom. Styles and colors as varied as men's faces.

Prices that suit all, \$2, \$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$5.

FASHION FOOTWEAR

As important as are new shoes to any man's well-dressing is this showing here of ours to you. They are far out of the ordinary in value, style and comfort. \$3.50, \$4, \$4.50, \$5, \$6.50

B O Evans & Co. SPOT CASH CLOTHIERS. "The Store with a Conscience"

Walter Riley and S. K. Jones, New York; W. C. Smart and E. C. Drake, Attleboro, Mass., and E. E. Garshia, St. Louis, Mo.

"Yes, as far as I know now, the Anderson College girls will be allowed to attend the Clemson-Auburn football game," stated Dr. James P. Kinard yesterday afternoon. "I know they will want to attend and I know no reason at present for them not going."

A dispatch from Columbia last night stated that Secretary Houston had arrived there after a tour of the Pee Dee section in an automobile and that he would also tour the Piedmont. He is expected to reach Anderson Tuesday afternoon. He will probably spend the night here before going to Pendleton to attend the Centennial celebration where he delivers an address on Wednesday.

Appearing at the Palmetto all this week will be the Twin City Amusement company with the Virginia beauties. Monday they play, "Who's Who." Their features are Joe Armstrong, black face comedian, Herman Lewis and a singing trio. The company has ten people.

The Norene St. Clair stock company announce that they will give away prizes at the performances at The Anderson theatre this week. Among the things to be given away are two chests of silver, two gold valises, set individual salad folks, set of orange spoons and set of knives and forks, which were bought from W. H. Keese and company.

FEASTER I. JONES SHOT AND KILLED DR. L. O. McCALLA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

how long Dr. McCalla had been in the house when Mr. Jones came. Dr. McCalla was in first. Mr. Jones was almost here when we drove up. Jim Reed, by His Mark, Rubie Burris.

Rube Burris, being duly sworn, said: I was in the barn when the shooting took place. The barn is about 40 yards from the garage. I heard two shots. I came to the gate and peeped out at the first shot. Before the first shot I saw Red get out of the automobile and go to the garage. After the shot, I saw Mr. Feaster come out. He had his pistol in his right hand and his case in the other. He was pulling the pistol in the case. Miss Bessie, (meaning Mrs. McCalla) came out and asked what was the matter. I hear Mr. Jones say, "nothing except I've shot Uncle Larry." Mr. Jones went on home. Me and Jim and Ell Bee Asbury and Mose McGown and Lee Jones were there.

Ell Bee Asbury, sworn, said: I was in the house, where I had gone after some envelopes. I had just left Dr. McCalla and had gone to the house. I heard two shots. I saw Mr. Jones when he came. Dr. McCalla was in the automobile house when Mr. Jones came. They were talking just before I left. I went straight to the house for the envelopes. They were not mad at each other in the automobile. I stood there, (meaning at

the kitchen door) and waited for the envelopes. I came on out behind Miss Bessie and heard Mr. Jones say that nothing was the matter except he had shot Uncle Larry. Mr. Jones went on home. There were two hands in the barn and two, four of here. Ell B. Asbury by his mark.

Mr. E. H. Sexton. Mr. M. H. Sexton, being duly sworn testified: I got here at about 10 o'clock. Dr. McCalla was lying right where he is now, on the little cot inside the garage. I examined the ground and found blood on the ground. Mr. Todd scraped this blood away and Mr. Sanders scraped about with a stick and found a bullet and a piece of the skull. The bullet was about a .45. It was an inch or two in the ground just under the blood in front of the door.

M. H. Sexton. J. Olin Sanders, being sworn said: I got here about 10 o'clock and I examined the ground where the blood stains were. Mr. Todd scraped back the blood with a hoe and I found the bullet and the piece of skull. I examined the clothes of the dead man but found no weapon. His satchel containing his pistol was in a buggy. I arrested Mr. Jones. He surrendered to me a pistol with two of the cartridges exploded. The buggy was about 40 feet from the garage.

J. Olin Sanders. The Physicians. Drs. J. N. Land and J. R. Young, duly sworn, said: I examined the dead body of Dr. L. O. McCalla and found the following: (1) Pistol wound entering body in front two and 1-2 inches to right of the median line of body, immediately below right costal arch, ranging slightly up to left, passing through left lobe of liver and above stomach and completely severing aorta at level of junction of seventh and eighth dorsal vertebrae and lodging in muscles to left of back bone. (2) Also bullet wound of head, entering just above right eyebrow, and coming out back of head on right side. Wound of entry showed powder burns on face. Either of above wounds were sufficient to have caused death. The examination of the body was made at the home of Dr. L. O. McCalla, in Anderson county.

J. R. Young, M. D. J. N. Land, M. D.

The tragedy caused deep consternation in the little town of Starr. No two men in that section of the county are better known than Dr. McCalla and Mr. Jones. The former has been a resident of Starr ever since he married Mrs. Bessie Allen, which was in December, 1908. The former was been living at Starr all his life and had always spent a great part of his time with his aunt, Mrs. L. C. McCalla. Mr. Jones' home is situated just a short distance from the beautiful McCalla's mansion and the two families have always been very intimate. Not only did the affair awaken the people of Starr, however, but the entire country. People began to gather soon from all directions trying to learn what had caused the shooting. It was the general impression that both parties were on the best of terms and everyone was surprised to hear of the tragedy.

Mystery Surrounds Tragedy. It appears that the coroner's inquest solved the how of the shooting to a great extent, but the reason for the act is unknown. Varied rumors were afloat yesterday morning but investigation proved that none of these were based on facts. Searches in the house of both parties were questioned closely, but none revealed anything that would tend to shed light on the affair. Mr. Jones refuses to make a statement beyond that he did the shooting and that he has nothing further to give out.

No weapons were found in the dead man's pockets. The deputy sheriff found in Dr. McCalla's buggy a satchel containing a pistol, which was loaded, a bottle of whiskey with the seal unbroken, and a few other small articles. Residents of Starr state that Dr. McCalla was down town just before the shooting and appeared in the best of humor. It appears that both men were perfectly sober. Dr. McCalla with his family were in Anderson Friday night. Dr. McCalla was a native of Edenton, Ga., and has been twice married. He is survived by one son, Lawrence Orr, Jr., who is a student at the University of Georgia and who is about 18 years old.

Funeral Arrangements. A telephone message from Starr last night to The Intelligencer stated that Dr. McCalla's remains would be taken to the McCalla burying grounds below Lowndesville today for interment. The funeral party will leave Starr at 8 o'clock and the services will be held at the cemetery at 12 o'clock noon.

Mr. Jones in Jail. Mr. Jones was brought to the county jail yesterday afternoon about 2 o'clock. It is not yet known what efforts will be made to get him. He was very quiet and composed last night, perfectly willing to talk about everyday affairs, but had nothing to say in regard to his trouble.

Wilson Opened Second Game; Red Sox Won

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

Hitzell, Bancroft singled, Parkert out, Gardner to Bobbittz. No runs, one hit, no errors. Seventh Inning. Boston—Gardner flied to Whitted, Barry singled, Thomas forced Barry at second, Mayor to Bancroft to Niehoff, Foster singled, Thomas going to second, Janvrin ran for Thomas, Hooper singled, bases full, Henrikensen batted for Scott, Henrikensen popped to Luderus; No runs, three hits, no errors.

Philadelphia—Cady catching, Janvrin playing short, Cravath fanned, Luderus flied to Hooper, Whitted fouled to Cady. No runs, no hits, no errors.

Eighth Inning. Boston—Speaker out, Luderus to Moyer; Hobbittz flied to Cravath, Low; out, Bancroft to Luderus, No runs, no hits, no errors.

Philadelphia—Niehoff out, Gardner, to Hobbittz, Burns popped to Janvrin, Mayor flied to Speaker. No runs, no hits, no errors.

Ninth Inning. Boston—Gardner singled, Barry flied to Parkert, Janvrin out Mayor to Luderus, Hooper fanned. One run, two hits, no errors.

Philadelphia—Philadelphia failed to score. No runs.

Advance in Meat. Washington, Oct. 5.—Prices paid for meat products August 15 to September 15 advanced half of one per cent compared with average advance during the same period for five years of one per cent. The figures made public today, showed that the prices paid producers from the principal shops declined about 3.2-10 per cent during September compared with the average decline during the same period for seven years of 2.9-10 per cent.

An Ultimatum. Milan, Oct. 9.—The Petrograd correspondent of the Corrier Della Sera says he has learned on good authority that Bulgaria will send Serbia an ultimatum demanding a cessation of Macedonia as preliminary to a declaration of war.

"When first he was married he used to boast that his wife had a way of her own. "Well."

"How no complains that she has her own way."—Judge.